

OUR FRIENDS THE ENEMY

Will Follow Suit And Name
Ticket on July 11.

O'REAR GETS SETBACK

Wanted Convention In Lexington But Louisville Is Chosen.

The Republican State convention will be held in Louisville Tuesday, July 11.

County mass conventions to select delegates to the State convention will be held in each county in the state Saturday July 8, at 1 p. m.

Basis of representation—one delegate for each 100 votes and one for each fraction thereof over 50 cast at the last presidential election.

In Jefferson county and the city of Louisville the local Executive Committee is to fix, on or before May 1, the manner of selecting the delegates and decide whether the delegates will be selected by precinct ballot voting or viva voce vote.

In all other counties the viva voce vote is to govern the selection of delegates.

The selection of Louisville is also claimed as a victory by the anti-O'Rear forces as it is said the friends of the Mt. Sterling man on the committee, as well as his personal following present at the meeting, were anxious to have the convention held in Lexington.

LUNG TROUBLE

Following Attack of Lagrippe Causes Death.

Mrs. Mary Cornelius, widow of John J. Cornelius, died at her home in the Sinking Fork neighborhood, aged 61 years. Lung trouble, following an attack of the grip, caused her death. Deceased is survived by several children. She was a member of the Christian church.

The interment took place in the family burying ground.

SHOCK WAS FATAL.

Victim an Employee of Electric Light Co.

Mrs. C. B. Hammons received a telegram Sunday stating that her brother had been killed in Mobile, Ala., while engaged at work with an electric light company at that place. No further particulars of the accident were given in the dispatch. The body was expected to arrive here last night and the interment will take place in Riverside cemetery.

Elks Tonight.



Hopkinsville Lodge 545 B. P. O. E. will meet at the W. O. W. Hall tonight at 7:30 o'clock for business of the greatest importance. There will be no degree work, but the new officers will be installed.

Joy Ride Fatal.

Daytona, Fla., April 3.—Felix Faust, an automobile chauffeur of New York, was killed, Misses Bessie McDonald and Gertrude Pfeiffer of Boston, fatally injured, and Miss Emma Laird, of Boston, hurt internally, in an automobile "joy ride" accident on the Port Orange road near here Sunday.

William Thompson, of New York, and Clyde Spring of Dayton, who were in the car, were thrown out, but their injuries are slight.

Edwards in City.

Hon. Jas. P. Edwards, of Louisville, a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, subject to the Democratic primary election July 1, was in the city yesterday.

SERIOUS READING IN FAVOR

English Publishers Report Decided Growth in Popularity of Serious Literature.

According to reports from publishers there is a decided growth in the popularity of serious literature in England. During the last year there was a slight check to the flood of novels, there being an actual decrease in the number published compared with the year before, 1896, as against 1899, while there was a decided increase in the number of serious books. The total number of works issued was 79 more than in the previous year.

The chief increases during 1910 may be summarized as follows: Poetry and drama, 115; travels, 71; social science, 64; art and science, 53, and religion and philosophy, 42.

A well-known book seller said recently that he had sold fewer six-shilling novels than ever before. The sixpenny novel was in great demand, but the more expensive edition of a new story had greatly declined in sales.

WHY DELAY?



He—'I'm going to kiss you when I leave.

She—Shall I tell the servant to bring your coat and hat?

HOTELS AS HOSPITALS.

"Next to a hospital give me an up-to-date hotel in which to take care of sick patients," said a New York trained nurse. "I've nursed in most of the big hotels in New York, and it's really wonderful the supplies that can be brought at a moment's notice. Ice bags, hot water bottles, crutches and wheel chairs are always on tap; there's always some one available to help lift a patient, and if the patient's a man there's always a barber at hand to shave him. And there's the woman in the sewing room to stitch a rapidly cut binder. There's an operating room at your disposal if surgery has to be resorted to, and there's a protected roof to take your patient to during convalescence. Altogether, the modern hotel is the rival of a hospital when it comes to conveniences for the sick."

COLLAR BAG.

A collar bag for a girl may be fashioned after the same style as a man's collar bag, but may also be distinctly feminine. The material used should be gray or tan crash, a conventional design which may be outlined, should be embroidered around the bag and the finish at the top may be torchon or cluny lace.

A lining of thin silk or lawn should be used. This helps to serve as a casing for the drawing ribbon.

This bag may also be made of white linen, with eyelet embroidery and over a silk lining.

This, however, is not quite so practical, although very pretty. A bag of this kind makes a dainty gift for the girl graduate.

PRINCELY SCULPTOR EXPLAINS.

In defense of the portrait sculpture of American women which he has exhibited at the Hispanic museum, Prince Trubetzkoy has said:

"This is the way I see these women. Nothing ethical, nothing symbolic has been attempted in any of the sculptures, except in the two pieces—the man eating his killed meat and the hyena eating its cadaver. The rest of the sculptures are what they are, what they seem, life as realistically as I can portray it. They are portraits—what they look like."

A WISE ONE.

"Do you think I am really your affinity?" asked Solomon's nine hundred and eighty-fifth wife, coquettishly.

"My dear," said the wisest Guy, "you are one in a thousand."

"He got away with it, too."

EFFECTING A CURE

Doctor Laird was young, dark and good-looking, and knew how to wear his clothes as well as he knew how to minister to one's ills, so it is readily seen how important an addition he was to the town. It might be added that he also was oblivious to even the prettiest of the young women. He was too busy.

Now, certain types of femininity object to being ignored just as fervently as they object to any other unbearable ill. Evelyn Flumey objected the most. She originated the plan.

"It'll be perfectly easy!" she told her three dearest friends. "He's so new to the town that he doesn't know any one but his patients! He doesn't know me from Adam! And won't it be a lark!"

"It'll serve him right!" agreed Adelle Ricks. "Maybe he won't be so awfully sure of himself and so conceited if he's taken down a peg!"

Doctor Laird at his next office-hour looked up to see Miss Evelyn Flumey on his threshold. Evelyn had eyes popularly described as wicked and her cheeks were delightfully plump and rosy. Normally there were dimples at the corners of her mouth, but today she held her lips firmly together, as befitted the gravity of her case. She pressed her hand to her side as she seated herself.

"I think," she faltered in response to Doctor Laird's routine questions, "that I have heart disease. At any rate, I suffer terribly and I know that there is something seriously wrong!" "Oh, we'll hope not!" said the doctor with the stock brand of cheerfulness that physicians use. He thumped, he listened, he counted beats and then sat with frowning brows while his patient described in detail all the harrowing things her heart did in the way of racing, smothering and agonizing.

"It's most peculiar," said Doctor Laird. "At present your heart responds normally to all the tests. There evidently is nothing the matter with it. However, I'll give you a prescription and please do look in again in a few days—it doesn't do to neglect such things."

Evelyn departed, looking as pathetic as possible and met her special trio of friends in the nearest drug store. Their enjoyment of her account of the adventure was ecstatic. They straightway invented a new set of symptoms for her next visit.

"No," Evelyn told Doctor Laird a few days later, "the prescription didn't seem to help at all! In fact, it made me worse. Is it dangerous to have your heart skip three beats all at once, doctor? It makes me feel so odd!"

Doctor Laird went to work in earnest on the Flumey case. After each visit Evelyn laughed all the way home. She was delighted to see Doctor Laird puzzled, disheartened and helpless. She would shake her head at him sadly when he expressed the hope that she felt better. She took to rice powder and veils, and the effect was most interesting and ethereal. Once she said in polite but restrained surprise that it seemed curious that a doctor of his ability could find nothing that would help her. Then she gazed with irritating sadness at the resentful flush which rose in his face. If the patient had not been afflicted with such a dangerous trouble one might have inferred that Doctor Laird was yearning to shake her vigorously.

"How are you going to end it?" one of Evelyn's three friends asked her one day.

Evelyn laughed. "I don't know," she said. "Unless he begins to be nice to me instead of being so short and snappy, I think I'll let some other doctor cure me, and then I'll tell him about it!"

Doctor Laird sat and looked at Evelyn a long time at her next call. During the past few weeks he had looked at her a lot. There was no doubt that he knew her now from Adam.

"Do you think, doctor," Evelyn said at last, in pathetic tones, "that you can cure me?"

Doctor Laird swallowed and then he leaned forward. He took Miss Flumey's hand so firmly that she winced and he looked squarely into her eyes.

"You little humbug," he said distinctly, "if I hadn't had a settled conviction the very first time you came in here to fool me that what has happened was going to happen, I'd have told you to run along and play your tricks on some one else. Why, a brick-layer could have told that there was nothing the matter with your heart! But it sadly needs taking care of by a sensible person and I'd like the job. When will you marry me?"

"Anyhow," Evelyn said a little later, "you needn't send me a bill for all this, because I won't pay it! That's where you lose!"

Method.

"Why do you read so many scientific and philosophic works?"

"My motive is purely practical," replied Miss Cayenne. "When I have a tiresome caller I can talk so profoundly that he is sure to get sleepy and go home."

Handling Her With Gloves.

Mrs. A.—"Do you make your cook pay for what she breaks?"

Mrs. B.—"Mercy, no. We'd never be able to keep her. What we do is reward her liberally at the end of every month for what she didn't break."

GROWTH OF GERMAN CITIES

Remarkable Facts Disclosed by Study of Figures of the Last Census.

Advance figures compiled from census returns show that there are now in the German empire 47 cities of more than 100,000 population. Of these seven have more than 500,000 population. They are: Berlin (without suburbs), 2,064,153; Hamburg, 936,000; Munich, 593,053; Leipzig, 585,743; Dresden, 546,881; Cologne, 511,042, and Breslau, 510,929. Four others have more than 300,000 population. They are Frankfurt-on-the-Main, 414,406; Dusseldorf, 356,733; Nuremberg, 332,539, and Charlottenburg (a suburb of Berlin), 303,180. Twelve other cities have more than 200,000 population, and 24 others have populations ranging from 100,000 to 200,000 each.

Ten years ago there were but two cities in the empire with more than half a million population and only 33 with more than 100,000 population. At the time of the first imperial census in 1871 there were in Germany only nine cities with more than 100,000. Berlin had reached the half million population in 1860, but Hamburg did not reach it until 1895, and no other German city before 1905. In 1871 Nuremberg had but 82,000 population; by 1900 it had increased to 261,081. The figures of the 1910 census give it 332,539, an increase of about 27 per cent. during the ten years.

WATCH CHINA WITH ANXIETY

Tokyo Statesmen and Financiers Turn Watchful Eyes on Celestial Empire.

China is the competitor toward which Tokyo statesmen and financiers turn their anxious eyes. China is waking up, not under the lead of Japan, but by the stimulus of her example. Already Tokyo in unmistakable terms is warning Peking not to go too fast. Once China starts no man can locate the ending. China is rich in resources. She has unlimited iron and coal and an invincibly industrial people, while her merchants are the master traders of the east. The Japanese are mere amateurs in comparison. There exists also a vast hoarded wealth besides the fat trade balance of 80,000,000 taels, about \$48,000,000 in American gold. It is easy to believe that the hoarding of her people, once unlocked, would swamp the richest of the European nations and make America nervous. Three thousand years of phenomenal industry have not been without increment, and China is a land where no man wastes!

EXPLANATION WANTED.

George W. DaCunha of Upper Montclair is confused over his red Irish terrier, Dandy, which is turning black in spots. DaCunha says he will have a scientific investigation made. He declares that several months ago his family adopted a black kitten. Dandy was much attached to it and romped and played with it. A few weeks ago the kitten met with an accident which caused fractures of both of its front legs, and to put it out of its misery it was chloroformed. Dandy was so fond of the kitten that even when dead he did not want to part with it. Whether that had anything to do with the dog's change of color is what the dog's owner desires to know.—New York American.

SPORTSMEN PROTEST.

Williamsport sportsmen intend to circulate petitions to the legislature looking toward the abolition of bear traps. The only persons using traps are those who hunt bears for market, and sportsmen are anxious that the bear be more fully protected than under the present laws. It is pointed out by those back of the movement that the catching of bears in traps not only tends to exterminate this species of game, but is a cruel practice, as the animals frequently free themselves by leaving parts of their legs in the trap.—Philadelphia Record.

MORE OF A SINECURE.

"An easy job will suit me, senator."

"How about winding the clocks every week?"

"I might make that do. But what's the matter with tearing the leaves off the calendars every month?"

LUCILE'S DIARY

"Bob and I are going to New York Saturday," announced Betty, when she ran into our house on her way downtown day before yesterday. "Miss Nelson is coming tomorrow to sew for me. I don't know whether we can get through all I have to do in the few days she can give me."

"Perhaps you'd like a day's help from me," I suggested. "You know I'm quite an expert at pulling out basting threads."

"Almost any kind of help will be welcome," answered Betty, laughing.

So I promised to go over to her house in the morning with my thimble and scissors. Although Betty is only a relative-in-law, I am fond of her and am always glad to do anything I can for her.

It occurred to me that it would be a good plan to get Miss Nelson's advice about my wistaria gown, which I wanted to have altered, so I took it over to Betty's with me. It was not until Betty went downtown for some trimmings that I had a chance to consult Miss Nelson, for Betty was so engrossed in her own clothes that she would not even listen when I brought up the subject of my dress.

"If you'll give me some of your splendid ideas," I said, as I slipped on the gown for Miss Nelson's inspection, "I shall be grateful."

"It's a beautiful costume," she exclaimed, admiringly. "If the skirt were narrowed somewhat and the sleeve made over, it would be perfect for this year's styles."

"If that is all it requires, maybe you will show me how to do it," I said.

"Well, if you think there will be time," she replied.

"Oh, I'll do the work," I said. And in a very few minutes I had the sleeves ripped out for her to plan. She was just basting them together in their new mode when Betty returned.

"I didn't waste a minute," she said, "for I was afraid you'd be waiting to fit me, Miss Nelson. Why, what's this?" she asked, catching sight of the wistaria broadcloth.

"I know, Betty, that you wouldn't mind if Miss Nelson gave me a few minutes about refurbishing this frock," I explained. "Cousin Fannie has so much to do for mother and grandmother this fall that I hate to bother her about any sewing for poor me, so I've made up my mind to fix this dress myself."

"That's very noble of you," remarked Betty in an odd tone. Then when I asked her if she didn't think the sleeves were going to be pretty she said she really hadn't given the matter any thought.

She was so extremely ungracious that I had almost decided to give up fixing the gown when I was called to the telephone to speak to Arthur Knight, who had learned from mother where I was.

"There's an impromptu informal dance at the Country club tonight," he said, "and I hope you can go with me."

When I came back to the sewing room I remarked that I simply must have my wistaria frock to wear that night.

"Full evening dress would be quite ridiculous," I said, "and my wistaria is the only suitable demitolette I have. If Miss Nelson will help me with it we can get it done in short order. And tomorrow, Betty, I'll come over and sew all day for you. If you'll rip the hem of the skirt it will be ready for Miss Nelson to rehang as soon as she and I prepare the sleeves to be put back into the bodice."

I handed her the dress and she went at the ripping in a way that, much as I dislike to say such a thing of Betty, actually seemed surly. All three of us worked on the gown until late in the afternoon, when it was done except for a little finishing that I knew Cousin Fannie could easily do while I was resting for the dance.

The gown looked so well on me that evening that I was very glad that I had had it changed. It pays to keep one's clothes up to date.

I fully intended to go to Betty's this morning, but I slept late after the dance and I was so tired that I telephoned her that unless she needed me very much I wouldn't go.

"I don't need you at all," she replied, quite snappishly. "But if Cousin Fannie can find time to come over I shall be very grateful. When she helps she doesn't help herself."

Poor Betty! For her own sake I often regret her bad manners.

His Delusion.

A man sent to an asylum with a load of coal found on his arrival that the gates were open, but not knowing where to deposit the fuel he left his horse and cart outside while he went to inquire. He walked about the grounds, but failed to see any one, so made his way back to the gates, but to his horror found they were closed. He tried in vain to open them, and appealed to passers-by to help him as "the horse and cart belonged to him." "Fancy," said one passer-by to another, "that poor man thinks he is a carter."

Cynical.

"Many noted politicians have never married."

"Yes. A man in politics is usually too busy to propose and a woman who reads the opposition papers would think twice about accepting him."

CARRIER IN HOC

Charged With Stealing His Own Package.

J. J. Thomas, of Marion, Ky., for sixteen years mail carrier between that town and Salem, was arrested Friday charged with stealing money packages containing \$1,000 in currency from the mails. The money which Thomas reported stolen by masked men Monday night was mysteriously returned to the Salem State Bank Thursday. He confessed.

Alas! Poor Fishes!

A party of fishermen with a complete outfit for extracting specimens of the finny tribe from limpid streams left Saturday for Danville, Tenn., to pitch a fishing camp for a week or more. Those who compose the party are: Messrs Jas. O. Cook, C. R. Clark, R. J. Carothers, Sr., Fritz Fallenstein, Dr. E. H. Barker and T. C. Underwood; E. B. Lindsay, of Elkton, and James Barclay, of Bowling Green.

One of the Ringlings Dead.

Otto Ringling, of circus fame, died in New York Saturday night at the home of his brother, John, as the big show, of which he was joint owner with his brothers, was giving its evening performance at Madison Square Garden. He was 51 years old. Death was due to uraemic poisoning.

Start a Race Riot.

Negroes at Laurel, Delaware, almost caused riot conditions by firing into a white crowd on the street Sunday night, killing a boy and wounding three men. Three negroes have been arrested and there is talk of lynching.

The Deepest Pit.

I think the deepest pit of hell it keeps, not for the one who kill, Nor for the one who cheats or lies, Nor for the ones who cursing, die—There is a fouler sinner still.

—S. E. Kiser.

Big Decisions Awaited.

Decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases are likely to be handed down by the Supreme Court this week.

Pointed Paragraph.

Fault-finding, like charity, often begins at home.

A good bluff is all right until he meets a bigger one.

Some pessimists were born that way, and some got married.

No Cordelia, we wouldn't advise you to give a hungry man skin food.

Talk is seldom satisfactory unless it is your own and, then you may overdo it.

England has twenty-eight railway tunnels of a mile or more in length.

Cynics are people who are happy only when they are saying something mean.

He is an unusual man who doesn't try to get even with some one sooner or later.

When a woman borrows trouble she insists on paying it back three or four times.

A woman's happiness is never complete unless she knows of some other woman who envies her.

Advice To Wives.

Remember that you are married to a man, and not to a God. Be prepared for imperfections.

Anticipate the discovery by your husband that you are "only a woman; if you were not, he would not care about you."

Be reasonable; it is a great deal to ask under some circumstances, but do try; reasonable women are rare; be rare.

Remember that servants are made of the same material as you are; a little coarser grained, perhaps, but the same in essentials.—Shelby Record.

Health Hints.

"The man who says he had rather have smallpox than be vaccinated, never had the smallpox."

"An open window is better than an open grave."

"Warm rooms have killed more people than ever froze to death."

"If you let the child have measles when he is young, you may save a doctor's bill later on, but you may have to pay the undertaker now."

"A good iron pump costs less than a case of typhoid."